

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



DAVID LLOYD'S OLD HOUSE.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER LI.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MARK was sad still; sad, and subdued, and silent, though a month had almost spent itself since the term of his imprisonment had ended. Richard and Mab stayed but a day or two, and then returned to Manchester, leaving the Heath House to the sole occupancy of Barry, her father, and Mark. There was a soothing and healing calm about the place, and a placid pleasure in the sunny hours, which

should have dissipated the last shadow of the past hanging over him; and yet Mark continued grave and spiritless, brooding, it might be, over those nine solitary, shameful months, which separated him like some great impassable gulf from the honour and homage which had been rendered to his former self. At times Barry stole away, unobserved as she thought, to the quiet of her own room, to muse over this change in Mark, and weep some very bitter tears about it; but in general she was in some place where he could find her if he chose, helping Nanny

in the kitchen in some light and dainty part of the household work; or sitting with her father in the large old parlour, where she had made a special nook for herself in one of the great recesses beside the projecting fireplace; or flitting to and fro in the garden, giving wise townish directions to her country gardener, who listened to them with compassionate respect. If Mark chose he could be at her side all the day long, the object of her almost undivided attention; but he held himself aloof, either watching her from afar off, or being very silent in her presence. The greater portion of his time, the sweet, sunny hours of the spring, which still bore in their breezes a kindling and quickening energy, he wiled away alone under the boughs of the sycamore-tree, whose large leaves were but half unfolded, and let the sunbeams slip through them to dance about his grave and melancholy face.

He had been sitting there one evening towards the close of May, how long he did not know, when, without word spoken, or sound of coming footfall on the turf, he found that Barry was seated beside him, silent like himself, thoughtful and sad in face like himself. It might have been but the ghost of a fancy that had been haunting him, a trick of his imagination which had played him false too many times to be trusted now, but that when he turned his head to look more earnestly, the vision did not vanish, but Barry's eyes looked back into his own, gravely and steadfastly.

"Mark," she said in a low voice, which could have been heard only by an ear which listened very eagerly to catch every word she spoke, "you make me sorrowful, and it is time for me to talk to you. You have no other friend like me. Tell me if you are thinking of what you are going to do with your future life."

"I am thinking of it," he answered, in a tone of pain, "but I have not courage to put my thoughts into action. I am become a weak and feeble-minded creature."

"And what may you intend to do?" asked Barry.

"There is but one course open to me," he said. "I must emigrate. If poor Clough had only lived, he and I would have gone together, and I should have been sure of one friend. Oh, Barry! you do not know how love and honour have been as the breath of life to me. I did not know it myself till this disgrace came. I have been living too outward a life, a life too dependent upon the esteem of others. It is well for me to be thrown back upon myself and my God only; but I am very feeble yet. By-and-by I shall be strong enough to live alone with Him, as your aunt used to do."

"Does God require this of you?" asked Barry, softly.

"I think so," he said; "do not you see that He has placed me alone in the world? I had neither brother nor sister, and I sought them out for myself among the poor and ignorant, and gathered them about me, and fed my heart with their gratitude and love. But I have lost them all. Barry, I have striven hard to acquiesce in it, and now the conquest is almost won; there is little more needed before the full victory comes. When I have said good-bye to your father and you, the worst will be over."

Barry did not answer, but he heard a very low sigh, which scarcely parted her lips.

"Mark," she said, after a long silence, "if you could go back to your old position; beloved and honoured by all your old friends, would you go back?"

"If it were only possible!" he exclaimed, in a tone of painful longing.

"But could you shake off this false shame and depression?" she asked, "and go freely to and fro, speaking for God and for truth, even if you met cold glances now and then, and heard a whisper behind you? Would you go back to your work, and your school in Manchester, and do your best again, leaving everything else to time? Would you do it, Mark?"

"Would I?" he cried, lifting himself up, and speaking in his old, energetic tones. He looked at Barry, but her fathomless eyes were following the flight of the swallows, as they wheeled joyously about the gables of the roof, where their nests were built under the broad eaves. The sun had not long gone down behind the low hill across the heath, as it had left a line of ruby light, which formed a burning background to the trees upon the summit. Barry looked long at the fading glory before she spoke again.

"Do you know that you are very hard, and cold, and proud, cousin Mark?" was her next unexpected question.

"I used to think I was not," he answered; "but nine months in prison teach a man many things about himself which he did not know. Do you think me so?"

"Yes, I do," she said, with a little flash of anger, partly at him, and partly at herself, "I think you perfectly dreadful. I remember telling you years ago that I wished you would do something wrong; but I need only have waited a little while, and I should have found out you were not so faultless."

"You think I have done something wrong?" said Mark, in perplexity.

"I think you are wrong, altogether wrong," she persisted, tossing away a bunch of flowers which had been in her girdle, with a little gesture of impatience. "I think you are very proud and very hard. You know that I only think more and care more about you now than before you went to prison for my sake—at least for all our sakes—and yet you are cold and hard to me!"

"Am I cold and hard to you, Barry?" he asked, in a tone of sorrow and patience.

"Yes, you are. You talk of emigrating, and going away where we should never, never see you again; and where I could do nothing to make up to you for all you have suffered for us. I wonder how you can think of such a thing. The Mark Fletcher I used to believe in would never have thought of it."

"But I have my living to get," remonstrated Mark, "and how shall I get it in England now?"

"Oh, foolish Mark!" cried Barry, tears and smiles contending for the mastery, "here are two letters I have for you, which must keep you in England, if you are true to yourself. See, this is from Mr. Crichton, offering you some place, which he has secured at his own banker's, with a salary of £400 a year. £400 a year, Mark; how rich you will be! And this is a long address. I have read it and signed it myself, with the name of the teachers in your school, every one of them, dear Mark, written to it, begging and praying of you to go back, and be their superintendent again. Do they think you have done wrong? Do they feel that you are disgraced by your imprisonment? Oh, Mark! Mark! how happy I am!"

Tears had gained the mastery now, and Barry's voice faltered, and her face drooped upon her hands; while Mark, holding the letters lightly between his

fingers, did not read a single line of either, but looked pityingly at Barry's downcast head.

"I think I cry more easily than I used to do," she said at last, but without lifting up her face. "Mark, you said you did not know Richard was going to marry Mab until after you were in prison. Did you think much about it?"

"I thought of it constantly, my dear girl, my poor Barry," he answered; "how could I do otherwise than think of it, and grieve over it for your sake. I thought sometimes you might like to write to me, your friend, who knew something of your heart, but you could not, without your letter being seen before it reached my hand."

"Did it make no change in your regard for me?" asked Barry.

"That could not change," he said, in his former tone of patience and sadness—"that can never change. I know what a sorrow it must be to you—"

"It is no sorrow," interrupted Barry, indignantly, and lifting up her head disdainfully—"no sorrow at all now. Don't think I am crying about that. I only made a mistake, Mark."

"What are you crying for, then?" he asked.

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" cried Barry.

He did not know what it was in her voice, so troubled, so shy, yet so tender, that made him start, and let the two letters fall upon the turf at their feet, while he took both her hands in his, that she might not hide her face in them again. It was getting dusk now, so dusk that he could scarcely see whether her face was flushed or pale, but her eyes shone into his own, as he gazed eagerly to catch their expression in the twilight.

"I made a mistake," repeated Barry, in a whisper.

"Mistakes are cruel things," he said, pleadingly.

"Don't let me make any mistake now, if you care for me, Barry. I will be silent or speak, as you please."

She was silent herself for a minute or two, and he felt a movement in her imprisoned hands, as if she wished to set them free; but when he released his clasp they struggled no longer, but lay quiet and warm in his own. But he would not open his lips again till she had spoken, lest he should snap the slight pleasure of the moment asunder.

"You cannot make any mistake now," whispered Barry.

They sat still under the sycamore-tree till the moon shone full upon the windows of the Heath House, and the last swallow had winged its way to its nest under the eaves. There were many things to be said, and Barry's voice said them so sweetly and lovingly that Mark listened with no sense of time passing by. When she said at last that it was high time to go in, and what a wonder it was that nobody had been to seek them, they lingered still for a minute or two in the moonlight, reluctant to lose the perfect gladness of the moment.

"You know what my fortune is, Mark?" said Barry.

"Better than you do, my darling," he answered, smiling.

"I shall have about four hundred a year as well as you," she said.

"Yes," replied Mark, in a tone of some surprise.

"It is your roof, now," she continued, looking at the great old house, with its two ends rising above the trees; "but we cannot live in it ourselves. I've thought, sometimes, since poor Clough died in the east room yonder, that we might still carry out

my uncle's last will, you and I, with our portion of his money—for I knew, Mark, I knew that you would never emigrate. We do not care for the things which money buys, and your salary alone will be as much as we shall want."

"What is your scheme, my little woman?" asked Mark.

"I'm not extravagant," she said, "and I have learned how to manage a house well. Four hundred a year is more than we shall spend; and my father will soon be having some money from his American railway shares. We will have our home somewhere out of Manchester, near Richard and Mab," she added, with a loyal confidence in herself and him, "a house large enough for my father, and the two boys during the holidays, but not too large. We do not want to be grand, and we shall not spend half your income and mine upon ourselves."

"Well?" said Mark, for she had paused, and looked anxiously into his face.

"I was thinking," she resumed, "that I should like our house here to be a kind of pleasant refuge for all sorts of poor Lancashire people, instead of being let to strangers. When we find a poor mill-girl ill, and pining for fresher air, or a patient who has just left the infirmary, but is not strong enough for work, or any sick and ailing people, to whom a place like this would be almost a heaven, let us send them down here to be nursed and cared for by Nanny. The house need never be empty, though we should be away."

"God bless you, my Barry!" said Mark.

"And when we come down ourselves," she added, laying her hands upon his, as if to impress it more forcibly upon his mind, "we will invite some overworked minister, and his tired wife, or some teacher who has no home to go to for her holiday, to come with us as our guests. And so, perhaps, we shall execute that last will in the spirit, if not in the letter; and if you did wrong, dear Mark—for who can tell always whether he is erring or not?—we will make reparation for it in this way."

"God bless you, my Barry!" repeated Mark.

CHAPTER LII.—GOLD PURIFIED.

LITTLE more remains to be said concerning Mark and Barry. There was no reason for any long delay before their marriage; and as Mark was expected to enter upon his new engagement in the course of a few weeks, it took place almost immediately. They were married from the Heath House; the only stranger at the wedding being Mrs. Crichton, who begged to be present, and who boasted triumphantly of her penetration in having foretold this event before Mark's trial. She brought a bridal gift for Barry from her cousin the judge, and a letter of congratulation to Mark, in which he promised himself the pleasure of seeing them both again, whenever he should pay an often-postponed visit to Mrs. Crichton at Didsbury. To Nanny the marriage of Mark and Barry was an occasion of such intense delight, that she was compelled to rush away at intervals during the day to exhaust her excess of joy in a burst of happy tears.

Mr. Christopher Lloyd felt at heart a little grieved that his favourite daughter should make a match so much less splendid than Mab's; but Barry's overflowing content partly compensated for this disappointment. In her pleasant home, which was no

more than half a mile from Mab's more sumptuous residence, he found a constant, pervading sense of comfort and peace, which did not characterise Mrs. Richard Crichton's household. Richard made Mab a good husband, as he had pledged himself to do, in the way of gratifying all her caprices, when they did not clash with his own, and in adorning her pretty person with every ornament dictated by fashion. To use a phrase too commonly descriptive of ordinary marriages—they get along very well together; that is to say, they are too amiable or too well bred to squabble frequently about trifles, but they each one pursue their own different way, and are "strangers still, after years of wedded life."

It seems as if the disgrace and solitude of his nine months' imprisonment had given the last finishing and mellowing touch to Mark's nature. He had been a good man before, tender to others, energetic in service; but there had been with it all a self-consciousness, a tinge of self-complacency, which was gone now for evermore. Erring men, men who have gone very far astray, are attracted to him more powerfully than in former days. He knows more about them; he too has been down in the thick clay; he can place himself on their level as one who has also borne the shame of a prison garb, and tasted the bitterness of prison bread. Every Sunday, when he leads the prayers of the great assembly of his scholars, he utters solemnly and tenderly these words, "Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner come before Thee!" and a deep, earnest Amen from the very hearts of his hearers seals his petition.

Barry's plan for the use of the Heath House was put into immediate execution. The large hall, which has a fireplace wide enough for the roasting of an ox, is fitted up with comfortably-cushioned, old-fashioned settles, which stand round the hearth, and are well protected from draughts; and here of a winter evening, Nanny's guests gather about the fire, with old Trevor sometimes in their midst, narrating his stories of the old miser and his sudden death, of poor Clough, and of Mark Fletcher's imprisonment for destroying David Lloyd's last will. In the summer they saunter up and down the pleasant garden, breathing the scented air from the hearth; and they go back to their mills with sunny memories that will never die. To two or three the Heath House has been the last earthly home; for they have gone down to it too late for recovery, but not too late to have the rough, sad passage to the grave made as smooth and gentle as loving care and kindly thought can make it. Old Trevor's stories about hoarded gold are partly true. Treasure is being laid up by David Lloyd's heirs; but it is treasure which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and to which no thief can break through to steal.

FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.—THEBES: TWO LONELY WATCHERS.

"For still he strayed on through meadows greene,
Until that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And ward his other brethren joyous
To light their blessed lampes in Love's eternal house."

THEBES again—Thebes of the hundred gates! We sailed in as the sun sank over Lybia. Long shadows

were falling from hill and temple athwart that wide lonely plain of Thebes, now dappled with sand-drift and waving cornfield, where once roared the million-voiced city. I jumped ashore as our boat touched the western bank, and was soon lost in the tangle of paths that run inland through a summer growth of cotton and maize. The sweet evening smell of flowering fields for a moment reminded me of home, and I drifted away in thought to a subject that very often struck me—namely, the feeling of homeliness that comes to you in visiting the site of some ancient cities. Thebes, Rome, Jerusalem, seem familiar to you, as though you had known them from youth. You settle down with a strange and pleasant confidence as if you had come home. I suppose the key to it lies in this—that as the home feeling, if you analyse it, is found in substance to be the associations and memories which have clustered about a place and made it sacred, so these cities suggest a hoard of recollections which you have affectionately nurtured all your lifetime, and which now spring into active life. Something in a lesser degree of this voicefulness—which is, by the way, the distinguishing glory of old cities and old buildings in contrast with new—may be felt in sauntering about the courts and nooks of old London, in city graveyards, say, on a summer evening, the bustle and roar of business over, when the last quiet glints of parting sunshine steal into deserted alley or court, upon the scanty green of grass or tree.

An old man met me in the path among the corn, riding donkey-back, carrying a painted coffin cross-wise before him, mummy and all. It was a heavy burden. What with the living and the dead the poor donkey was hard put to it.

"What are you going to do with that?" I said, lifting up the lid, and taking a peep inside.

"Going to Luxor," said he, pointing across the river; "going to take him to the Copt, near Mustapha's house."

I therefore immediately knew this man to be a Theban resurrectionist—a ghoul, one who batted upon the dead. For there is an Arab village or two in the western mountain—the great burying-place of old Thebes—where the inhabitants gain a ghastly livelihood by burrowing in the rock for old tombs, and selling the mummies. They reap a goodly harvest, too, by this same sacrilegious quarrying. But in the ordinary way, they prefer unrolling the mummies themselves, to selling them to the Copt; for often jewels are wound up in the wraps, and these find a ready sale with travellers, while the great cases or coffins intact are too burdensome to be carried northward. Thus, unhappily, the coffins, with their wealth of picturings, come to a bad end. The vampires break them up as fuel to burn. And, alas! the poor stripped mummies themselves suffer a like evil fate, their bituminous nature marking them out for ready spoil. Crooning old women tear them limb from limb, and poke the ghastly fragments under their pots to simmer their soup.

I turned me to this man. There was an uncanny and most suspicious look about him. His lean furrow face, sad sunken eyes, and brown sinewy legs, dangling to the ground, were irresistibly suggestive of some resuscitated mummy that was in the act of making its escape. "Have you anything in your pockets?" I asked. For I knew the Luxor Copt of old, and his little back parlour, and his winding stair, and those delusive antiques of his—ancient and

modern we will call them—which are laid out so artfully to beguile unwary travellers, and ease them of superfluous gold. And I fancied that surely this old man of the mountain would rather sell what he had to me than him. So I put the above question.

He got off his donkey, adroitly tilted the great coffin to the ground, propped it on end, so that the sculptured head, with its placid painted face, seemed to range back over the plain, taking its last view of the mountain whence it had been ravished; then he began rummaging in the pocket of his tunic.

"You won't tell Mustapha?" whispered he, mysteriously, and looking rather scared: (Mustapha is a British agent or consul at Luxor.) "Mustapha tells the Copt everything, and the Copt is a hard man, you see, cruel, and very bad pay besides."

"Not I," I said; "you may make yourself happy on that score."

Then he dragged out of his bosom in a very gingerly manner these four articles:—(1) An old white-washing brush of the far back time, with hairs worn nearly to the stump by some whitewasher who must have pillowed his head in the dust before the days when King Solomon built his temple.* (2) A lady's leathern sandal: little turned up peak cleverly stitched, straps that looped up from the sole to go between the great toe and next, to catch the fastenings at the ankle. It was very neatly cobbled that shoe, and must have fitted a dainty little foot. I brought it home; but alas! northern damp was too much for it. It soddened into a shapeless pulp. (3) A child's doll! yes, even so; a child's doll, cut in wood—negro face, still carrying vestiges of painted eyes and mouth. Not a pretty doll by any means, but none the less beloved, perhaps, of some little woman long since gone to rest. (4) A porcelain ball, big as an apple; used in games such as are depicted in the tombs.

I bought these things, which my friend the vampire confessed to have filched from the different sepulchres that he had violated. I haggled for them, the dead man standing by, ever gazing vaguely at the distant hills. He was the sole silent witness of this solemn and stormy transaction. The compact being complete, my friend shouldered his dead companion, balanced him deftly on the donkey, invited me to hold the arrangement a moment while he jumped on behind: then, with a farewell salaam, and very sedately, living and dead trotted off towards the river. Through the pleasant blossoming beanfields I watched them, through the corn, through the cotton: while in the hush of evening the sweet summer smell again rose up as a presence about me.

I wondered, though, what dark designs were brewing in the laboratory of that nefarious Copt. Who was to be the victim? How much gold for the unrolling of this new purchase? In a former visit we—the Professor and I—had called on him to look at some *antiques*. A small boy, very much in need of clothing, had opened the door. The Copt was not at first visible, but this urchin lured us into a room and pointed out a divan whereon we might sit and wait. The room was populous with mummies. We lacked not for good company. They were all stark naked—propped singly against the wall, or congregated in corners like so many umbrellas or walking-sticks. Stout or thin, they were all perfectly preserved, and standing, some of them,

in attitudes absurdly grotesque. Limbs blackened and leathery, arms whimsically twisted or crossed, bosoms flattened, their features drawn into odd expressions, with the lips often wreathed into a kind of sickly, witless smile, and thinned against a double row of white, brilliant teeth; the eyes stuffed with wool, and rich masses of red or black hair matted about the brow—thus they stood, or leaned, or stooped—so many quaint parodies of humanity. It was in truth a grotesque assembly, ridiculously terrible and terribly whimsical, and which made you smile and tremble at the same time. The Copt entered with a gust of wind which banged the door after him—so forcibly, that a poor woman mummy reeled with the blow, and fell flat with her head on the pavement. We instinctively rushed forward, fancying she had hurt herself: and so she had, for the skull was fractured. A black line across the skin through the hair showed where it was cracked like a nut.

"We have come," said the Professor, "to look at your curiosities."

"Peace be with your lordships," answered the Copt. "Allikoom salaam," and he crossed his hands over his breast, and bowed low with much solemnity, so that we could admire the faultless folds on the top of his black turban. "Will you deign to follow?" he continued, picking himself up, and gathering his black robes about him as he strode on before us, his big, loose slippers pattering over the pavement of the narrow court that led into his sanctum. He shut the door firmly and mysteriously. Then he fussed about in a cupboard for awhile: then he came out, and with all the flourish and parade of a Christmas magician, laid before us a small tray of scarabæi beads, and other things—many manifestly counterfeit. He was beginning to recount the history and virtues of each article, when the Professor started up in pious indignation.

"How dare you, man, offer us such abominable falsities?" said he. "Do you think we have come here to be imposed upon?"

And the Professor, in his excitement, pulled off his spectacles and wiped them severely.

"It is very evident," I said, "that the man is a rogue. A good dose of bastinado, or a nail run through his ear, pinning him to the post, would be the most suitable medicine to apply. We shall be slow in recommending his wares." And upon that we started with becoming dignity for the door.

Then the Copt deprecatingly asked our pardon. With a thousand fulsome apologies he held before us another tray. "Would their lordships forgive him? He had made a blunder. His eyes were bad—ophthalmia, you know. He had taken the wrong tray by mistake. Those false things had been separated from the true. He had been imposed upon in purchasing them, but this new collection"—etc., etc.

We certainly glanced at this new tray, and saw that in truth it held unquestionable antiques. But there was nothing very rare, and, indeed, he must have been a rich man who bought them, for the Copt asked fabulous prices. We met, in after times, a friend who had obtained a string of scarabæi, enough for a bracelet, for which he paid £40!

But to step back from the by-paths of righteous indignation to my evening saunterings over the Theban plain. I strolled along through the quiet fields, between summer plots of millet and yellow-blossoming cotton, coming every now and then upon

* This brush is now in the British Museum. A similar doll to the one I purchased is just near it in the case above.

a little wayside arbour or tent—a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a booth like that of Jonah—roughly roofed with palm and grown over with creepers. A solitary rustic or two on guard sat there in the shadows, serenely smoking; a dusky mother lay toying with her child. Sometimes a herd of wayward goats bustled past, or lazy buffalo deep-lowing its vesper thankfulness for coming rest. Sometimes I met girls with water-jars on their heads, idling homewards to one or other of the little villages scattered over the plain, carolling some wild minor. A kind of song which, with the simmering of innumerable grasshoppers, filled the air with a low melody, and seemed but to deepen the hush of dying day.

The sun had gone down behind the rim of the western hills ere I came up to those two solemn watchers, old Memnon and his fellow.* There was a little lake in the way, all lustrous in the evening light. It lay shining at the bottom of a gentle slope of sward, which was covered ere it sank into the water by huge blocks of stone. Cornfields came up to its margin, and a buffalo-turned sakia, nestled in a copse, was still droning on its bank. This was a remnant of the old funereal lake. The dead of old were ferried over it with much pomp as they passed on to their last home in those western hills. The river Styx, let me say, had this for its prototype—this, and a similar lake at Memphis. And the Elysian fields—fair meadows, at the foot of these mountains, knee-deep in asphodel—and old Charon, the ferryman, with his fee for the passage of each soul, are all, as Diodorus shows, the mythical reproduction of such Egyptian ceremonies.

About a furlong away to eastward I could see the colonnade of great Rameses' palace, and the Osirides of its atrium glowing in the crimson glory of sunset, like the courts of some temple in the Golden City; and beyond, through vistas of palm, the portico of Goorneh shone out in ruby light. Pharaoh, to judge from the surviving splendours of his palace, was not badly lodged. It is in this vestibule that the famous Fallen Statue lies. I could see its big shattered bulk glistening colossal even from so far away. The giant was great even in his fall. I found, when in after days I visited him, that the best plan to get his elephantine proportions duly into one's head and feeling, was to climb the prostrate Pharaoh (the outlying fragments of granite help you), and pace his chest as a skipper paces quarter-deck. His face is mutilated. The Arabs have scooped their mill-stones out of his cheeks. But you can fancy him as he stood in his youth, or rather sat, towering over Thebes. From street and place and square, that crowned head must have been seen—eyes, nose, and mouth, overtopping all. A god among gods! a king over men! An odd contrast; this unwieldy bulk has fallen at the foot of a stairway (between columns), up which the living Pharaoh must often have passed to certain apartments of his palace. Such stairs! A fastidious monarch he must have been in the matter of climbing: for the angle of ascent adopted there is formed of slabs luxuriously apportioned only three inches high by a yard deep!

I must bridle my pen, however; space will not permit me to speak of this or any of the temples that lie scattered over the Theban plain. And, indeed,

on that evening, I turned me from them all that I might sit down and take a quiet look into old Memnon's face. I can hardly tell why, but not one of those stupendous works of human power, whose vestiges alone stagger the beholder of them on that plain of Thebes, impressed me half so deeply as the sight of old Memnon and his fellow. That noble unsightliness of his, those rents and fissures which, like the scars of a warrior, tell of endurance and fight; that majestic disregard of ornament and grace, and carelessness of approval or disapproval which he shows; "the eyes looking right on;" his colossal strength, his venerable age—for spite of earthquake and storm from the days of Joseph until now those twin Titans have sat out their watch: all inspired me with an affection for him. But affection, let me tell you, soon passes into awe when you stand bodily in his presence, remembering what of earth's landmarks all the storm-waves of ages have swept out of human history, leaving him still there! I say him, but there are, as I have intimated, two statues, each about as big as a church tower. Sitting face to the east, Memnon, however, the northernmost, is the lion of history, and so takes the lion's share of attention. He it was whose song greeted the morning, and whose persistent watch prefigures a more glorious Morning that he is one day to greet.

I turned me, then, that summer eve, and sat down a pigmy at the feet of those two lonely watchers, whose monster thrones stood out in awful massiveness against the burning west. For the light was still falling on the plain, although a depth of lustrous purple, or rather sapphire shadow had already gloomed over every fret and ravine of the mountain behind, which, scarred with its million tombs, rose up—a silent city of the dead.

Old Memnon's head and shoulders were rimmed, nimbus-like, with the parting glory which reddened into every rift and breach of the ancient and scarred statue.

And let it not be thought that this mutilation weakened the solemnity of his look. On the contrary, it set the imagination free to fill up that noble outline. There is a mysterious cunning in the fancy that works wonders upon uncertain outlines if there be a dignity of thought expressed. Who that has ever, in the little chapel of the Medici at Florence, looked on Michael Angelo's Night and Morning, has wished that the great master had finished those two marvellous works? As if he *could* finish them, indeed! As if mortal hand wielding human tools could keep pace with the lightning flash of genius! He has succeeded in conveying his thought: the marble sufficed for that; and you stand subdued before its sublimity. Had he gone further with his chisel you would have—what? admired a beautiful statue, perhaps! and that, I take it, is the less noble gratification of the two.

There was no beauty about Memnon—outwardly, at least. And glad I was of it: for delicacy of look would ill accord with such a weather-beaten veteran. All down this long night of time worn and washed by the passing waves of ages, that stately old giant has sat calmly peering into the east, with the dews of dawn and dusk alternating upon his cold brow—shattered but unbending. I thought of him in the heyday of his youth, when all the glories of magnificent Thebes grew thick about him—palaces, temples, gardens, sphinx avenues radiating, intersecting to the hundred gates. I remembered that the darkness

* In the "Sunday at Home" for July, 1886, there is a detailed account of these statues, by the author of "Egypt, Ancient and Modern."

which might be felt had gathered upon that head, that those stony ears were open to the death wail of the firstborn when it swept up the valley. I thought of the empires which had fallen, leaving him unmoved, of the gods that had perished, of the venerable creeds built up by men groping after the light which, lacking the true Corner Stone, had passed away into the hades of idle tales. I numbered the languages that had become dead—some not only dead but buried, which, having no interpreter, are sunk, with all their wealth of human secrets, into the limbo of the unknown.

And yet he sat there! Little by little that overmastering thought isolated itself in my brain. Changelessness in the midst of change! Even in the rough blocks of Stonehenge (comparatively modern), which abide while all else around perishes, that attribute is mysteriously attractive. They seem strangers—from another world—full of secrets you would fain unriddle. You muse over them. The loud voices about you thin away. The green fields and sunny landscape vanish, and in their place uprises a far back time in which they had part. Snatches of some primeval melody come to you. Young men and blooming maidens, and fresh rosy children, walk dreamily through the mazy meadows of your imagination.—But as for old Memnon, you cannot look upon him as a senseless block! No. The rather he seems the embodiment of some central human thought perpetuated through the ages—through the morning mists of history, through the mid-day glare of empire and power, through these afternoon bursts of feverish fluster and impulse, on, ever on, even until the evening of his stony life—the evening of the world. Memnon, though silent, is not mute. His song is finished, but he has still something to tell to such as will humbly listen. There he sits to tell it: and will sit, in all likelihood, until doomsday—until, in fact, the flush of that great Morning reddens on his brow, for which, through all these weary changes, he has been so long watching.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Therefore, O patient reader, pardon my affection for Memnon, and think it not strange that even now in starry nights of this distant land I sometimes dream of him sitting there on that lonely plain, keeping his silent watch!

That summer evening I lingered long looking at him. He has no outward comeliness, as I said. Time enough for beauty by-and-by, when the watch is over, and the watchers take their rest. No Capuan softness till the fight is done; till Babylon has fallen; till the darkness is past. "What of the night, watchman?" I felt inclined to cry, as the wail of the ancient seer came into my mind, "What of the night?" Is the darkness nearly over, is the night spent? Are the shadows thinning away? Are not those eastern streaks a sign of the dawn: a herald of the great king? These earthly dews and damps have surely gathered to their thickest! Creation, that has for so long travailed and groaned, is surely now ripe to give birth! We long for rest: oh! for the quiet waters and the pleasant fields: we wait for the joy that cometh of the morning. Will not the night soon pass?

But in the meantime the watch goes on. Happy they that endure and faint not; who, when the Master cometh, shall not be found sleeping!

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
Then, peace! for war is ended;
Then, calm! for storm is past;
And goal for finished labour,
And anchorage at last."

I lingered, I said, long on the plain: too long, in fact. For quick night, which falls so suddenly in Egypt, caught me at unawares, and I had to pilot my way to the river under a heaven strown thick with stars. It was a tedious voyage, for I was forced to tack continually to avoid trampling over the peasants' little plots of grain. However, the glimmer of our dahabeeyah lights on the stream was my beacon, and I finally arrived in time for a comfortable tea in our snug little cabin.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

LADY SHEIL, to whose book we have already referred,* gives some interesting notices of the condition of women in Persia, which we use to accompany some of the native sketches referred to in our last number.

"Matrimonial engagements are of two kinds. The real marriage—the one looked upon as respectable—is confined to four wives, and is called *akd*. This is permanent, unless divorce takes place. In the other there is no limit to the number of wives; but then the period of the engagement is restricted, and never exceeds ninety years. This is the most honourable term of contract in the secondary, or *seegha*, marriage; but even this unreachable period does not place the *seegha* e *neved saleh* (ninety years) on a level with the *akdee* wife. Their sons, however, are on an equality as regards station and everything else, unless one of the wives happens to be of the reigning race of *Kajjar*, or of a rank much above that of the husband. A man of station chooses the *akdee* wife from his own class in life, while the *seeghas* are from an inferior rank, and perform menial offices for the former. The marriage ceremony is very simple: the family of the bridegroom, with a *mollah*, assemble at the bride's house; behind a curtain are the female relations, with the bride. The *mollah* asks her if she is willing to marry the bridegroom elect; and after a long delay (which is a point of honour) she whispers, Yes. The contract is then signed and registered, and sweetmeats are sent to the bride. In the evening she is conducted in procession, with pipes and drums and all her worldly goods, to her husband's house.

"The lot of women among the tribes, and among the peasantry, is not, from all I hear, an unhappy one. Their interests are identified with their husbands; divorce is rare, and the number of wives does not often exceed one. In the towns it seems to be otherwise. If they are young, handsome, or powerfully connected, matters are tolerably smooth. But when the wife loses her personal attraction she often sinks down to a household drudge, and at the best is seldom free from contention with her rivals in the harem. I do not think a Persian woman ever feels the same affection for her husband as some

* "Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia." (John Murray.)

Europeans do. But when a rival wife is introduced into an establishment her *pin-money* is decreased at Nowrooz (New Year's Day); her allowance for new clothes for herself and establishment is lessened; her



PERSIAN WOMAN (UPPER CLASS).

children's interests suffer, if she has any; and if not, perhaps her more fortunate rival may have a son; besides a variety of other annoyances. Persian women seem to me to have no idea of a calm, tranquil life. Novelty, or whatever causes excitement, is what they seek, and, I dare say, they would be miserable without that stimulus. They have not strong religious or moral principle; and the example of their husband is said to be no encouragement to domestic happiness.

"When a woman happens to possess unusual talent, or has a stronger understanding than her husband, she maintains her supremacy to the last, not only over her associate wives, but over her husband, his purse, and property. I have heard of several gentlemen about the court whose wives would not suffer either the introduction of other inmates to the harem, or drinking-parties, or any expenditure excepting on the most narrow scale. One of our neighbours was a merchant who possessed a temper that led him into frequent and noisy quarrels with his wives. The ladies seemed perfectly able to maintain their ground, as far as words went, and generally so overwhelmed him with abuse, that flight or a beating used to be his common resource. I remember on one occasion a member of the mission was calling on a former minister for foreign affairs on some business in which certain official documents required to be sealed. When the time for sealing arrived, the seals were missing; and after a long search it was discovered, to his excellency's intense confusion, that they had been carried off by his wife, who had gone on a pilgrimage to Shah Abdul Azeem, a place of great holiness and resort for the ladies of Tehran, five miles from town.

"A Persian woman of the upper class leads a life of idleness and luxury, though rather monotonous according to our (Vanity-Fair) ideas of existence. No balls, plays, or operas, no dinners, no new books, no watering-places, no Paris or Rome, diversify the routine. Like the men, talking, gossip and scandal, are the occupation of their lives. All classes enjoy abundance of liberty, more so, I think, than among us. The complete envelopment of the face and person disguises them effectually from the nearest relatives, and destroying, when convenient, all distinction of rank, gives unrestrained freedom. The bazaars are crowded with women in this most ungraceful disguise. The weekly bath and constant visits consume a large share of their time; and Thursday afternoon is devoted to a mock pilgrimage to some shrine outside the town, or else to the grave of some relation. It was curious to meet a lady of rank on an occasion of this kind, mounted *en cavalier* on a tall Toorkoman horse, which she managed with skill. Her female attendants surrounded her, riding in the same style; and her other servants remained at a short distance, some in front, and some behind. If no Persians were too near, they made little scruple of raising their veils, for the indulgence of our and their own curiosity. Women of the higher classes frequently acquire a knowledge of reading and writing, and of the choice poetical works in their native language; as well as of the art of reading, though, perhaps, not of understanding, the Koran. In the royal family, in particular, and among the ladies of the tribe of Kajjar, these accomplishments are so common that they themselves conduct their correspondence without the customary aid of a meerza, or secretary. Cooking, or at least its superintendence, is another of their pastimes, especially among the Kajjar ladies. One of the princesses, whose



PERSIAN WOMEN (LOWER CLASS).

husband was of similar rank, and was on intimate terms of acquaintance with my husband, used frequently to send me savoury dishes at our dinner-hour. An intimation always accompanied the viands,

of their being the preparation of the 'Shazadeh Khanum,' the lady princess, herself. Sometimes a very young lamb, roasted whole, decked with flowers, with a rich stuffing of chestnuts or pistachios, would appear as our *pièce de résistance*; or else dolma, which consists of cabbages or oranges stuffed with forced-meat. The latter is an achievement in the culinary



PERSIAN LADY READING.

art. The confectionary, which is the test of a lady's proficiency in gastronomic science, was of great variety, and exceedingly good. Persian confectionary, in general, is seldom entitled to any praise; for, though endless in exterior variety, it has only one flavour, that of sugar. Persian ladies are accused of indulging to excess in exciting beverages, by which I mean those contrary to the religious law. I myself never saw the slightest approach to anything of the kind; and I am disposed to believe there is no foundation for the accusation. Of all places in the world Tehran is the most addicted to scandal and detraction: they are its pastime and its business. I must confess, however, that I once saw a princess, during a visit, with a special teapot by her side, out of the spout of which she drank from time to time. No one could tell what it contained. She herself declared it was physie.

"The above is Persian female life in its best aspect. If looked at in its worst, I am sure fearful tragedies and scenes of horror would be revealed. A vast deal of cruelty, even murder itself, can be committed in the harem, without discovery. But the men often suffer for their severities. An ill-treated slave, male or female, sometimes one of the wives, will administer a potion, and detection is not easy. When a woman finds herself neglected and cast aside, and that she has ceased to please, she sometimes has recourse to incantations, and endeavours to bewitch her husband. She decks herself, and, if possible, him, with charms and talismans; she presents nazr—as an offering to God or to any of the prophets or saints is called—of a sheep, or anything else (like the Jews of old), which is afterwards distributed among the poor.

"The ambition of every married woman is to have several sons, as through them she is secured consideration and a provision in advanced years. Daughters, as usual, count as nothing. The mortality among children is immense, owing to neglect, ignorance, and laziness. I remember a little prince, of eight years of age, who came to see my children. His stockings dropped into a pool of water, and his nurse made him wear them when quite wet. He is since dead, and this is the fate of all weak and delicate children. None but the strong children survive; and the result is that the Persians, though few in number, are strong, stout, and hardy. The population of Persia is supposed not to increase; nor with causes like these in operation could it well do so. Dr. Cloquet, the Shah's French physician, son and nephew of the two famous surgeons of the same name, expressed to me his conviction that not above three children in ten outlived their third year. Ladies, of even moderate wealth and station, never nurse their children, and do not seem to care for them when they are very young. Afterwards they are affectionate mothers. These nurses have a habit of quieting their charge, and their own children too, with bits of opium, of a size which our own doctor assured me was quite astounding.

"Among the Persians an odd system of nomenclature for their wives is commonly adopted. Instead of using their names, they avoid doing so; and when addressing or speaking of their wives, they designate them by the name of the wife's eldest son. Thus, instead of saying Zooleikha, for instance, he will call her Mader e Ali, mother of Ali. Khanum (lady) is, however, the term preferred."

Before leaving Persia, Lady Sheil was invited to pay a farewell visit to the wife of the Grand Vizier. The invitation was to breakfast, and a very pleasant morning was spent in her society. Knives and forks were laid, but seeing the hostess and her friends embarrassed by their use, they were put aside at Lady Sheil's suggestion. They then tore the stewed lamb with their fingers, and swallowed handfuls of the rice. "Wishing to show me particular attention, the Khanum tore off a delicate morsel, and with her own hands put it into my mouth." There were six or seven children, healthy and happy. The ladies having washed their hands and smoked their kal-leons, conducted their guest to inspect the house.



ARMENIAN LADY.

ESSAYS ON TEXTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

SLUGGARDS.

"The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat."—PROV. xiii 4.

THE first thing we notice in this sentence is the desire of the sluggard. It may be easily perceived that there is one sense in which this desire or craving is inevitable. The man who does least is likely to want most. He who depends upon his own exertions for the necessities of life, and yet does nothing to procure them, will be most in want. The sluggard has the same necessities as another man. He needs food, and raiment, and shelter: and unless by inheritance or charity he is protected from hunger and cold, he runs the risk of being starved. It is grievously true that many are destitute not from idleness, but from inability to find work; and yet many suffer from their own indolence in not laying up against a rainy day when their sun is shining. There is a sluggishness which sometimes accompanies even a busy life. The sluggard is the man who shuts his eyes, and so cannot or will not see what is before him. Now there are many things before a man besides the work of to-day. There is probably old age and decay; possibly sickness or accident. A man who will not exert himself to perceive the likelihood of these, exhibits one of the worst forms of indolence, for his passing activity blinds the eyes of others as well as of himself to his fault. Remember then that though you may be leading a busy life now, if you don't look forward and make provision for the day when you can busy yourself no longer, you may justly receive the sentence of the proverb, that the soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing; and you will have to blame yourself for your own want of wakefulness, foresight, and promptitude.

Another and more obvious form of indolence or sluggishness is that in which the sluggard neglects the daily work as well as the future prospects of life. Some of these are sheer idlers, whom nothing seems to be able to move long. They will not work, and seem to acquiesce in their miserable state of desiring and wanting. If helped and put on their legs, again and again they are down. They form the worst class of beggars and hangers-on to society. Their state of degraded dependency must be a miserable one. The thorough beggar—the man who won't work, but tries to live on casual alms—is a pitiable object. Most beggars are obviously diseased, deformed, or defective in some way. They may be pertinacious, but there are very few indeed who can long retain the conventional title to being "sturdy." In their case the saying of Solomon is more often fulfilled than we think. They desire and have nothing. What original sturdiness they may have had soon passes into impotence. The world is too honest to tolerate them long, at least here, and there are not wanting indications that even in countries where the sturdy mendicant has had the shield of sanctity thrown over him, his occupation is passing away.

Another class of those who desire and have nothing are less obviously degraded. Indeed we should perhaps hesitate to attach the stigma of degradation to them at all. Many of them have the best wishes in the world; but mere wishes won't help anything, either in heaven or earth. Still there are a class of

minds which either from a delicate shrinking from the coarse importunities of real work, or from a natural dreamy disposition, or from a fatal belief in the omnipotence of talking, give the rein to their wishes, and do not back them up with deeds. There is a pitiable air of sanguine sincerity about the first two of these. Nothing can be more sublime than their wishes. They regenerate mankind in the air; they see the faults of society, the possibilities of the faith; they see their Utopia, and then they dwell deliciously on what the world should be. Meanwhile, the world goes grinding, blundering, and fighting on, while their thoughts are floating above the clouds. They make no mark, they leave no trace. Every now and then they awake from their dreams to groan at the difference between the idea and the fact, and then they go to sleep again. They desire and have nothing. Now there is nothing of the kind more enervating to body, soul, and spirit, to right judgment and sound will, than to occupy ourselves with agreeable pictures of progress and elevation, and spend our time in wishes, however good, which cannot be realised without sheer hard work.

The talking sluggards, for we will look at them for a minute now, the men who fancy because they have an endless gift of speech, that they possess true power, and are exerting that when they are only wagging their tongues—the men who put their hand to nothing, who overflow with verbal theories and voluminous advice to everybody about everything, are the most mischievous of idlers; because they seem to be most busy, while, in fact, they merely darken counsel by their words. They desire and have nothing. They are a weary burden to the church and the world.

It seems as if it ought to be an accepted truth that if we want anything we must work for it. Work is needful in order to discharge properly the duties of any position which (to the most ignorant among the million) seems to protect its holder from any trouble or care. Without work of some sort, by head or hand, those in the most exalted places may desire the influence which should belong to them, and yet not have it. A hereditary title may command the life homage of flatterers and selfish dependents, but the true weight of the title is given only to those who take pains to deserve it. It is not given to sluggards, and a high influential official position is the reward of men who, whatever their other qualifications, have almost invariably won their way towards it by dint of hard work. Here and there a high place may be allotted to some one whose powers are on the wane, but as a rule no one with the character of a sluggard is exalted in the chief rooms of the state. In this world, work is needed to secure true influence and make a mark. It may be ornamental work sometimes, but it must be work. It must involve the expenditure of time, labour, and pains.

And in regard to moral progress, be sure that the words of Solomon have an equal weight:—"The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Work is an inevitable condition of true humanity. A man may have the best aspirations, he may feel his faults, he may deplore his weakness, he may yearn for progress, but all this, and the needful state of mind out of which it grows, is impotent without work.

I do not mean so much in what generally go by

the name of good works, such as the relieving of the distressed, the teaching of the ignorant, the making of peace between enemies, and the like. I refer in the first instance to the strenuous pains which a man has to take in the checking of his own wrong desires, the cultivation of good habits, and the conduct of his life. Here is work, and hard work, here is the work which the well-disposed and religiously-inclined sluggard neglects. It is hard work with many to keep a guard upon their tongues, their tempers, and their thoughts. It is hard work to begin a good habit, to take the first disagreeable step in doing a thing which the conscience has, perhaps, for long been saying ought to be done. It is hard work to nurse a good habit, to rear the act of yesterday into a permanent course of action. It is hard work even when tongue and temper are under some control, and the man has by sheer force of honest repetition got himself to do daily something which at first cost him a sharp effort, to apply his powers in the ever varying and ever new demands of daily life.

The application of the principle to spiritual life is obvious. If in regard to things of the body, far more in regard to those of the soul, is it true that "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." To the use of the appointed means of grace the promises of blessing are given. And surely here is work enough for a man who feels his dependence on God for strength to will, and power to do. Need we add that there is One to commune with, to whom we look for help to escape the sin of the sluggard, and to win the rich reward of the diligent.

CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

It occurs to me that by occasionally grouping some of the subjects of my sketches, the interest in these recollections might be increased. I make the attempt with a very remarkable class, the editors of daily newspapers.

Few of my readers need to be told how vast is the influence of these men, whose very names may be unknown to the public. In monarchies there is often "a power behind the throne," more powerful than the despot himself. In constitutional governments there is also a power to which ministers and parliaments are subject. The great voice of the nation, or what is commonly called "public opinion," is the real power in a free country like England. We talk of "the fourth estate," and of "the influence of the press," but the press is only powerful as it is the exponent of public opinion. An editor is sagacious and skilful as he has judgment to know and tact to follow and to express the national will. Doing this well, editors of daily journals are among the real rulers of the people.

And who are the men who wield this marvellous dominion? who bear sway in questions of religion or politics; of war or peace; of parties or governments; of home policy and the decisions of magistrates and judges; of literature, science, and the fine arts? for their influence reaches to social as well as political life. Who are these "guides, philosophers, and friends" of the public? They are men of rare and superior talent and ability, placed by circumstances in a position which affords them immense authority over not merely the multitude, but all

classes of society. And strange as it may seem, while giving light over a nation and a world, they often remain unknown and without fame. One generation of editors passes away, and another succeeds: "*le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" and it will appear from my following remarks, that even if they have written works of sterling character, which entitle them to rank among the standard authors of their time and language, this fails to procure them a niche—for their newspaper glare has rendered invisible or extinguished all their other lights. But now for examples.

BARNES, OF THE "TIMES."

Barnes is but a name, a name not even mentioned in our biographical dictionaries. But Barnes during a number of critical years, shaped and launched the thunderbolts and enforced the opinions of a journal of extraordinary influence. The "Times" never stood higher than it did when under his control and direction. He was a fair scholar, of quiet demeanour, and with the spirit and bearing of a gentleman. But independently of his talent for the work, he had an acute penetration, a strong mind, and a strong will. Prudent politicians were careful not to provoke Mr. Barnes, and some of our prominent personages experienced the inconveniency of such want of caution. Indeed it may be acknowledged as generally foolish to squabble with a newspaper; for the odds are all against the outsider. There is an echo far and wide, and echoes have endless repetitions but no answers. Barnes's "leading articles," as they are called, were always good for their purpose, and frequently, as occasion required, both very sharp and very weighty. He was, as his situation in those days required, partisan to the backbone—at any rate with his pen; but having, as I have said, the feelings of a well-educated gentleman, he hardly ever began the game of personal attack by way of convincing adversaries, believing that—

"Nothing reclaims
People less than calling names,
Be it with the pen or tongue."

I must, however, refer to a personal anecdote which may indicate that the profession of the *grande politique* may induce a bias in the bowl which tends to its rolling not exactly in a straight line. In the year 1831 England was mad, and I, like many others, bit by unwise ambition, desired to make myself somebody somewhere. Well, every needful arrangement was completed, and the affair was *couleur de rose*, when, in good or evil hour, I communicated my design to my friendly acquaintance at the "Times," and requested a lift to help me forward on my way. Next morning there appeared one of those trenchant "leaders" which staggered the public. It denounced the pretensions of literary men to become legislators. They were not the sort of thing the country wanted to do its peremptorily demanded and needful work; the public would have nothing to say to them. What the public required were men of indomitable energy, unflinching firmness, practical experience, and a known devotedness to the vital purpose in view, etc., etc., etc. To me the simple consequence of this diatribe was that all my arrangements were annihilated; and I withdrew from the scene of frustrated plans, rather mortified by the result of my request for newspaper assistance. I sat down, however, philosophically enough, to the ordinary task of pre-

paring my weekly sheet, and it appeared, as usual, without a shadow of politics to darken its literature. It will readily be supposed that I felt very sore with my friend Barnes; to whom I wrote a letter, charging him with treachery in acting upon my communication. The letter appended, besides incidentally introducing another editor, James Murray, to my group, will elucidate the result.

"Times" Office, May 6.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel extremely obliged to you for your kind compliance with my request respecting the notice of my friend's book. The next week will do as well as the present.

With respect to your difference with B. on the electioneering question, I of course cannot give any opinion. He has been at Cambridge for the last three or four days, and I have not conversed with him on the subject since the paragraph appeared. I cannot, however, imagine that he would use information given by yourself against yourself, and therefore conclude that he must have known the fact of your intended candidature from some other source.

All these electioneering affairs will, however, soon be over, and I should be extremely sorry that they made any difference between you. Politics are always apt to create misunderstandings among literary men, as well as among others; but they should leave no permanent alienation. In order that *when you meet it may be on the old footing* (which, I am sure, B. does not wish to change), I shall not consider myself as at liberty to allude to any opinion of yours on his late treatment of your claims, nor in fact to any communication between us on the subject. You may be mutually useful to each other when the Weymouth affair shall be forgotten.

Yours ever faithfully, J. MURRAY.

Upon this shrewd and friendly letter, so truly descriptive of newspaper courtesy and editorial managing, I would remark that (my anger over) I could not but agree with the writer that Barnes was most likely to have received his intelligence from other quarters, and that my case was by no means directly in his view when he published the "article." James Murray was his colleague, holding like him a twenty-fourth determinable share in the property and profits of the lucrative journal which they so effectively served. He was a very able and honourable man; and on one important occasion vastly raised the fame and increased the popularity of the paper, by (somehow) obtaining all the proceedings of the meetings of a secret European confederation against Great Britain, into which all the efforts of ambassadors and the usual application of diplomacy had failed to penetrate. Mr. Murray did prove the truth of the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

Nor was he wrong in his prediction that the misunderstanding between Mr. Barnes and me would soon pass away and be forgotten. The following notes, though short, will show that the good old feeling very speedily was restored, and friendly intercourse re-established. The first relates to an ebullition against me for some criticism of mine on "Elia;" and the last to a bit of political speculation between us.

The "Times" Office, Aug. 16, 1830.

DEAR SIR,—The verses were sent as Southey's, and from the internal evidence I have no doubt they are his. Lamb and Southey are very old friends.

Yours truly, T. BARNES.

July 21st, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—I return your letter, but some of its suggestions shall be noticed.

The plan for securing the admission of members to represent great interests would be excellent, if necessary; but I believe that no such difficulty as you contemplate will arise.

In France the ministers have a seat in the Chamber whether chosen representatives or not; but there is no instance of even

the most unpopular ministers not having been able to secure a seat through the ordinary course of the elections.

Yours very truly,

W. Jordan, Esq.

T. BARNES.

JOHN BLACK, OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

For years the right hand of Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle" (the first of our morning papers, established by Woodfall, just a hundred years ago), and one of the ablest expositors of Whig principles, and staunchest supporters of their policy, and assertor of their right to govern the country, John Black exercised a marked influence upon the public opinion of his day. In point of individual character, he was as opposite to Barnes as could readily be imagined of two men playing similar parts and working with similar tools. Rather bluff in manners, Black did not affect gentility. His *yea* was *yea*; and his *nay*, *nay*. Of work he was a glutton. Without the classical education of his contemporary, and the direction to which it leads in the affairs of the world in after life, he was soundly read in European literature, and especially in German, of which he afforded proof by the excellent translation of several works. Some of these, indeed, were so sterling as to make it a shame they should have been superseded by later and less valuable productions. Yet his name also is absent from most popular biographies, which lavish so much attention upon ephemeral contemporaries. It would seem, as I have suggested, that works worthy of the library or posterity, if produced by newspaper writers, fail to recommend them to the rank of authors, and are indeed lost in the passing glare of temporary light.

Laborious to an extreme degree, Black's recreations were desultory, and his enjoyments peculiar. Where he entered cordial and congenial circles (which were, however, limited) he joined with full gusto. But he was not "clubbable," and though he led the many they were *caviare* to him. He was possessed of a powerful and much cultivated intellect, and I believe it may be recorded as a fact that to his penetration we owe the discovery of the genius of Charles Dickens. The "Sketches by Boz" first appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," under the auspices of John Black.

Be that as it may, his ability as an editor was soon put to the *experimentum crucis* by the accession of new proprietors to the paper. The trio were ill assorted for harmonious management. A city knight, deeply interested in railroad concerns, a sturdy, well-esteemed publisher, and a gentleman who had lived jovially in the social world, became the "masters," or in softer words the directors, of the practised John Black. The inevitable consequences ensued. He did not much like the speculations of the one, or the biased literature of the other, or the amateur critical supervision of the third: and, thereupon, he kicked against the authorities and was dismissed. From that hour the "Morning Chronicle" began to sink; and though it requires some time utterly to destroy a property like this, the blow was struck, and it never recovered. Despotism is the *sine quid non* to successful journalism. An editor cannot work successfully if interfered with. An editorship must be a despotism, tempered by sense of responsibility and fear of dismissal. But while entrusted with the conduct of a journal an editor ought to be free from control. The meddling of "proprietors" is sure to bring the thing to grief.

Mr. Black retired into quiet repose, and friends saw little of him in his latter years. I have no letters of his, and I fancy he wrote very few so characteristic as to be worth quotation.

A personal reminiscence of John Black could hardly be complete without calling to mind his duel with the since yet more publicly famous Mr. Roebuck. It arose out of a dispute at the "Eccentrics," a late-hour and noted club, whose nocturnal and thence matutinal meetings were held at the Sutherland Arms, a very small eating-house and tavern, in a narrow court leading from St. Martin's Lane to Covent Garden. It was curiously frequented by dramatic performers and newspaper reporters, the latter, owing to the difference of system in those days (or rather nights), being often driven to seek refreshment at very unseasonable hours. And questions were humorously raised and discussed in the motley assembly, between chops, eggs, welsh rabbits, or what not, upon one of which debates our heroes quarrelled, and fought with pistols next morning. I forget what Roebuck's joke upon his antagonist was (but it was piquant), and Black's rejoinder simply was that his adversary was so exceedingly small that he could not see how to shoot him! It was altogether an absurd episode in the history of Duelling, a barbarous custom now happily at an end in this country.

WILLIAM MUDFORD, OF THE "COURIER."

What Barnes was to the "Times," and Black to the "Morning Chronicle," William Mudford was to the "Courier," during several years the most efficient and devoted organ of the great Tory party. His powers, his services, and his influence upon the public mind were equally conspicuous. And though firm in his opinions, there was often a manly, independent tone in his writings which told considerably upon different classes of readers of different political shades. It was a trying period when the overwhelming power of Buonaparte had laid the whole continent prostrate at his feet, and threatened the very conquest of Britain. Opinion ran high between compromise or resistance, and war to the knife. The "Sun" and "Courier," Pitt-school journals, were vehement for the last—the opposition advocated the former policy. It is enough to say that the editor of the "Courier" supported his side of the question with notable talent and sterling ability. The paper flourished; yet in the end he was not individually successful. As in the case of Mr. Black and the "Morning Chronicle," intestine disputes and lawsuits put an end to his engagement. What a picture of newspaper broils and inevitable decline, where there is no despotic head, does the annexed letter exhibit; nor is the wipe at the "Treasurer" amiss or out of place among Characteristics.

"Courier" Office, Tuesday.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—I have triumphed up to a certain point—that is, I have succeeded in opening the eyes of the rest of the proprietors as to the *real motives* of W. S.—; and his proceedings will be annulled altogether. It is a "knavish piece of work," as they now acknowledge, with expressions of *regret and shame* at having lent themselves to his views, and being duped by his fearless lies. So far so good. It remains now to clear up the business with the people at the Treasury, who have, as I think, most imprudently mixed themselves up with a proceeding in which they ought not to have appeared at all. What a pretty *exposé* might be made of their direct interference with the paper, if I am driven to extremities, in which case I should certainly teach them a lesson.

Ever yours most truly,

W. MUDFORD.

Previous to this misfortune, and while in full employment, Mr. Mudford took an active part in contemporary movements, whether for public edification or improvement. Among other projects of a lighter character, the foundation of "The Melodists" was laid at a social party in his house, where Braham and Sinclair were among the guests. The musical world took it up with avidity, and the meetings from the beginning were of the most attractive nature. John Parry did the work of secretary, Lord Saltoun warmly patronised, and the following, though objectionable as super-egotistic, will show how *we* prospered.

7, Charlotte Street, March 21st.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—Will you dine with me to-morrow week (the 29th), at six precisely, to meet Macready?

Secondly, Will you (and I wish most heartily you would) resume your office of Vice-President of the Melodists? The club wish it to a man. You have heard, I suppose, that the Duke of Sussex dines with us next time (the 3rd April), and I need not tell you how much it would add to the effect of the day if we could see you in your place.

Yours ever, W. MUDFORD.

I need not enter again into my estimate of the strange oblivion which seems to cover the more enduring literary productions of gentlemen whose talents are expended upon the all-engrossing periodical press. Mr. Mudford was no exception to, but rather an example of, the rule. After his striking sketches of First and Last (republished from "Blackwood") he wrote "The Five Knights of St. Alban's," a remarkable work of fiction: and had long before (1816) written the history of Waterloo, which elicited from the hero of that glorious day a communication to the author (preserved in the Wellington supplementary despatches), in which he contradicts the popular rumour, with its fancy name superadded, that "the famous meeting between himself and Blucher at *La Belle Alliance* took place," and goes on to state—"It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, in the village of Genappes; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the two armies, will see that it could not be otherwise." Nevertheless, such is the force of once received delusions, the title of *La Belle Alliance* is not abandoned to this day by popular historians.

There remains for me to notice a strange literary incident, which I have mentioned elsewhere, and cannot well omit here. Mr. Mudford asserted that of the "Border Antiquities of England and Scotland" (2 vols. quarto), published in the name of Scott as the entire author, very nearly half was written by himself. He stated that after having completed the first volume certain circumstances induced him to relinquish the work, which Scott completed, and that when it came out in an entire form (for it came out originally in quarterly parts), the latter had his name placed on the title-page as author of the whole, without any intimation to the contrary, in any part of the introductory matter. Mr. Mudford tells a whimsical anecdote of critical penetration connected with this strange story. During the time the work was publishing in detached parts, it was reviewed in one of the most respectable monthly journals, which, misled, no doubt, by the nature of the subject, confidently affirmed, from the internal evidence of the style, that it was from the pen of Walter Scott; and, when it afterwards appeared with his name, the said reviewer reminded his readers, with no little exultation, of the accuracy of his previous judgment. Yet at the time it was thus

gratuitously assigned to the pen of Scott, he had not written a line of it! Another critic, yet more mistaken, in reviewing the book, selected most of his felicitous specimens of Scott's style from the portion of it written by Mudford.

This charge was never, as far as I am aware, contradicted or noticed; and I can only assume that the title-page was a not uncommon device or practice in publishing, viz., to adopt the name of the person from whom, through some channel, the matter is obtained, and not to inquire vigorously into plagiarisms or component parts. Yet one could wish it were set all right; for Mudford was a man of truth and honour!

And sad it is to say, his reward was not commensurate to his deserts. He ultimately sought a competent provision in a provincial newspaper, and I believe its property and editing were sufficient for his moderated ambition. One of my latest letters touches feelingly on the subject, and concludes with a home lesson.

You talk of "old times." I sometimes wish they could return, that I might make a better use of them than I did when I had them; for then I should not have to work quite so hard as I am working to keep the wolf from the door. What say you? Would you like the same opportunity to be presented to you?

Dear Jerdan, yours ever faithfully,
W. MUDFORD.

Before I lay down my pen, I would especially desire the reader, in looking at my estimate of the extraordinary public influence exercised by men in the position of these three—Barnes, Black, and Mudford—to consider that, perhaps, the least portion of it does not depend upon their direct writing. It is the promptitude, the judgment, the decision, which is demanded from them at every hour of their difficult lives, which constitute their real value and right to the power they possess. Each must not only be the central moving wheel, but he must direct the lesser motions; he must take care that none of the smaller wheels get out of order, he must regulate the entire action so that all tends to the end in view, and that there is perfect unison and consistency in every part of the wonderful and complex machine.

THE SULPHUR SPRINGS IN FORMOSA.

ONE of her Majesty's vessels having lately visited the island of Formosa, in the Chinese seas, a party of officers proceeded to explore the sulphur springs and baths which, they were informed, existed some little way in the interior of the island, and from one of those officers we have the following account of this extraordinary natural phenomenon:—

A party of three of us started by eight o'clock from Tam-sin with the intention of visiting the sulphur mine, springs, and baths, which, we were told, were about seven miles off. Our compradore had obtained a long flat kind of boat with no seats across, so that we had to squat down like so many tailors on the mats, though to make up for the want of seats we were nicely protected from the sun by an arc of mats which was fixed over the boat, just allowing space for the cool breeze to blow between it and the gunwale. We left in the highest spirits, pleased to be out of the ship for a day, and determined to be pleased with everything. Admiring the scenery, the

mountains wooded and beautifully green down towards the base, the time passed quickly, though the boat went slowly, being only propelled by two men, one at the bow and the other at the stern.

By-and-by the scenery changed, and instead of high hills, nothing but bulrushes were to be seen, we having left the main channel of the river Tam-sin. As our boatmen hailed and talked with every one they passed, we began to have an unpleasant suspicion that they did not know the road. Knowing nothing of their languages, communication was out of the question; we were quite in their power, and sincerely hoped that the compradore had given them full instructions as to what we wanted to see.

We stopped alongside a farmhouse where they were winnowing "paddy," and received a hint by signs that we were now to get out and walk. Before doing so, however, we attacked our basket of provisions, and feeling thereafter more equal to exertion, we started with one of the boatmen as guide, who, by the way, had to be directed by the different people as we went along.

Our road at first led pleasantly through cultivated fields, and past different farmhouses, generally surrounded with clumps of trees and bamboos, keeping them cool, and, I suppose, private. The paths, however, were very rough, being trodden out of all shape by the water-buffaloes—huge unwieldy-looking brutes, who, when not employed, spend their leisure in the nearest and muddiest pond. Soon we began to ascend, and leaving the fields of paddy, passed plantations of bananas, sugar-canes, and tobacco. Then came the barren hill-side, at the bottom of which a good-sized brook went tumbling over rocks and stones. Further on we noticed steam rising from the water, and the rocks discoloured to a sort of blue. Here on the hills, on either side (where the ground was burning, and the heat so oppressive that we could scarcely drag ourselves along), were planted vast tracts of pineapples, some of them nearly ripe, and others only in flower—none quite ripe, unfortunately for us. On descending to the brook at a place where the channel was pretty wide, and the water consequently shallow, we saw numberless jets of boiling water bursting up from the bottom; and by the edge of the stream were holes, the bottoms of which could not be reached with our walking-sticks, full of boiling water impregnated with sulphur. The very mud in which we were walking was burning to the touch, and the stench in our nostrils all but overpowering. Our investigations were brought to rather a sudden close by some one suggesting that the ground might be undermined, and the idea of being swallowed up, or even going in up to our waists, sent us scampering to firmer ground.

We crossed the stream a little lower down by stepping-stones, but the other bank being about five feet high, composed of loose soft earth, gave us some little trouble in ascending. We got safely up, however, and found a farm well surrounded with trees, and the kind old host brought us delicious pineapples, which we enjoyed, sitting in the shade.

After resting, we proceeded first through a tract of nothing but pineapples, which seemed here much more common than turnips at home, then up hill after hill of desolate, barren ground, getting worse as we proceeded. Gradually the rocks, which seemed crumbling to pieces, assumed strange colours of a lightish grey hue, and just as we were getting thoroughly tired and faint we caught sight of smoke and steam,

while the fumes of sulphur unmistakably attacked our noses and eyes. The heat, too, was very considerable. The ground for more than a mile square was burned up, seemingly composed of sulphur and clay in a hard cake, whitish on the surface. In places on the edge, we saw where the sulphur had been dug out in almost a pure state. In the centre, the ground seemed to have fallen in, forming an immense basin, in which there are about twenty jets, some large and some small, springing from the bowels of the earth. Some seemed pure steam, with noise like a locomotive's "blow-off;" others, muddy water in hissing fountains; others, and those the most, fumes of sulphur in dense bright-coloured yellow jets, perhaps the most deadly of all. We, of course, had to stand at a respectful distance; and what with the heat, smell, and roaring of steam, there was a weird awe and grandeur in the scene.

A little farther on, the same scene was repeated on a much smaller and milder scale, where we could go closer and look into the caverns, where pure sulphur hung from the roof like rock crystals, like seemed to be illuminated from below, they had such a beautiful bright yellow glare. With a very long shovel we fancied we might have knocked some off, but as we did not even possess a short one, we left it alone. The ground here, too, was pretty pure sulphur, as a kick of the foot turned it up quite yellow, and were it not that it is against the treaty to trade in it, a good business, I should think, might be done.

Having looked till we were tired and very thirsty, our guide led us up the hill to windward of the vapour and smell, where there was a small farm, the usual clump of trees, and, best of all, a stream of sparkling cold water. Having here rested, back we started for our sanpan, delighted with all we had seen. This beautiful cold stream is, I believe, the same that afterwards becomes hot, and is celebrated as a cure, taken as a bath, for skin diseases, which are much more prevalent out here, even amongst Europeans, than people at home would imagine. So, determined to do as well as see everything, we decided on a bath. Of course, as the brook gets farther away from the boiling springs it cools, so that by going up or down, one can get the temperature he pleases. The proper thing to do, I believe, is to start with the water just warm, and work your way up to nearly boiling. On our road back, a different and much shorter one to that we had come, we recrossed the brook where it ran over a flat surface of rock, dropping two or three feet into large pools, and then proceeding. We felt the pools with our hand—"Just the temperature!"—so we stripped and made the practical discovery that the hand was a bad guide for feeling heat. We could scarcely set our foot in it; though, getting bold by degrees, we managed to dip all but our heads in it, and we came out as red as lobsters. No doubt it did us a power of good; certainly, it swelled my feet so much, that the boots would not look at them, and for a time I feared that I should have had to walk the rest of the way carrying the boots, instead of them me.

Our guide had by signs done all he could to prevent us, though we did not understand him till afterwards, when he showed us the proper place for bathing; but we, having done the correct thing once, would not repeat it even for his sake. So on we went, past some small old Dutch forts, along a beautiful wide road that they had evidently made for military purposes—for the Chinese, as a rule, seldom allow more

than room for two people to pass on their roads. On reaching the sanpan thoroughly tired, we were glad to rest ourselves, and soon were all asleep; fortunately we had a strong ebb-tide, so were soon on board. We shifted, washed, and had tea, and felt quite refreshed again.

This finishes our cruise; but we were fortunate enough that same evening to witness another phenomenon on the island, for while sitting down below we felt a tremulous motion run along the flooring of the ship, and we found that we were being treated to a small earthquake. On rushing on deck we heard all the natives singing out and making a great uproar; what to us was but a tremulous motion, was shock enough to shake their houses about their ears, though fortunately none came down. Soon all was quiet again as usual.

Flowers.

FLOWERS, flowers everywhere!
How they scent the summer air
With a fragrance rich and rare.

Bright they bloom and do not shrink
By the rushy river brink,
Where the birds fly down to drink.

And they colour mountains steep,
Safe beyond the farthest leap
Of the nimble mountain sheep.

And they hide amid the grass,
Tall and trembling, where, alas!
Still the subtle serpents pass.

Lonely to the crag they cling,
Where the surge is echoing,
And the sea bird prunes its wing.

Thick they cluster by the side
Of hot roads all dusty dried,
Smiling sweetly open-eyed.

Tenderly they bow their head
Over graves where lie the dead,
And soft raining tears are shed.

Ah, He told us long ago
That the flowers might bestow
Knowledge it were good to know:

How God plants them everywhere,
Gives them sunshine, rain, and air,
Bids them blossom without care:

How God clothes them every one,
Finer colours they put on
Even than King Solomon.

Oh! if He can condescend
From His highest heaven to bend,
And to be the flower's Friend,

We may rightly reason thus—
He will condescend to *us*,
Being much more glorious.

If His loving law we heed,
He will give us all we need,
Bless our lives in thoughts and deed.

Presently, when He sees best,
He will find us room and rest
In the Gardens of the Blest.

Varieties.

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The gross income and expenditure of the country during the year ending on the 31st March last, together with the balances in the Exchequer at the commencement and at the termination of the year, and the amount of funded and unfunded debt created or redeemed during the year. The total income was £72,591,991 12s. 8d., and there was an excess of expenditure amounting to £2,905,824 10s. 1d. The income side of the balance-sheet shows that the customs duties yielded £22,424,000; excise, £20,462,000; stamps, £9,218,000; land and assessed taxes, £3,494,000; property tax, £8,618,000; Post-office, £4,660,000; Crown lands (net), £360,000. The miscellaneous receipts were £3,355,991 12s. 8d. On the credit side the charge for interest and management of the national debt was £22,454,094 14s. 4d., and this amount was increased by the payment of terminable annuities, interest on Exchequer bills and bonds, and bank advances, to £26,618,325 15s. 3d. The army cost £15,000,000; the navy, £11,366,545; civil government (charges on Consolidated Fund and votes in Supply), £10,870,305; cost of revenue collection, £6,116,690; Abyssinia war, £5,000,000. Total nearly £74,973,000.

CLYDE TRAINING SHIP.—Her Majesty's ship *Cumberland*, as a training ship for the Clyde, has been lent by the Lords of the Admiralty to the Glasgow Committee. This may lead to the establishment of similar ships at the other great seaports in Scotland. The moment, too, is singularly opportune, for at the present time wooden sailing ships of war are returning, like the *Cumberland*, from foreign stations, never to return to them again. Instead of stripping these vessels and selling their hulls to the ship-breakers for the price of the copper, the Government will exercise a sound economy in handing them over, with their masts and spars all standing, to the local committees. The order to strip the *Cumberland* had gone forth from the Admiralty, but fortunately there was time to countermand it.

SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.—The following letter is from the Governor-General of India to his Highness Mookhtarl Moolk Azeemool Iktard Rufeesh Shan Wala Shikoh Mohta Shumi Dowran Omdatul Oomrah Maharaj Dheeraj Alijah Maharaja Jeejee Rao Scindhia Bahadour Sreenath Munsoor-i-Zuman Fidvee-i-Huzrut Malikeh Mooazuma Rafeud Durjeh Inglistan, G. C. S. I., Gwalior. "My Honoured and Valued Friend,—I have heard with great satisfaction from my agent in Central India of the kindly interest which your Highness is showing in the condition of your people, and of the additional steps which your Highness is about to take for the alleviation of the sufferings caused by the existing scarcity. The measures which you have instituted will, I trust, tend greatly to the relief of your famine-stricken subjects, and I desire now to record my hearty approval of the liberality and promptitude which you have evinced in this season of distress. I beg to express the high consideration I entertain for your Highness, and to subscribe myself—Your Highness's sincere Friend, MAYO, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, Fort William."

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE FOR COLOURED YOUTH.—We visited this school, in Shippen Street, last week, and for two days witnessed its annual commencement exercises. We saw there abundant evidence—1. That under the management and instruction of coloured teachers, male and female, there is in Philadelphia a school for the education of girls and boys in the Latin and Greek classics, mathematics, history, geography, and composition, which is fully equal to the best of the endowed academies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. This is saying a great deal, but we will stand by it. 2. We saw that under the development of this culture, favoured by the strong social position which the coloured population in Philadelphia have attained in that freest of our great cities, there were one hundred and eighty-one boys and girls of African descent, as intelligent, as self-respectful, as well-mannered, as well-dressed, and as promising as the same number of school children in any of the best schools in New England. To be more specific—we saw a large school of coloured pupils who in no respect save colour and features differed from the best educated and most carefully trained white boys and girls of the same age in the best academies of the Northern States. In all respects they were fully their equals. 3. We saw coloured children of both sexes between the ages of twelve and nineteen, rigidly examined in Xenophon's *Anabasis* and the Greek Testament, in Virgil's *Æneid*, Cicero's orations and Horace's songs, in plane and spherical trigonometry, Legendre's geometry, algebra, mental

arithmetic, English analysis, history, and geography, and saw that they understood and knew what they recited—that they were radically and thoroughly instructed—that their answers to questions were not exercises of memory—that they had not been drilled parrot-like for a public show, and that they had successfully received from coloured instructors the education which our best schools give white children preparatory to entering college. 4. We heard compositions read, and declamations delivered upon such themes as "The Essential Features of a Republic," "Music as an Element of Worship," "The Education of Women," "The Age of Pericles," "The American Congress," "The Province of Poetry," "Individual Effort," "The New Rome," "The Two Caesars." These performances—original, marked with thought, of a high grade of excellence in the use of language and structure of sentences, and full of generous feeling and morality—had they been listened to by the most prejudiced upholders of caste, would surely have shamed them out of all further talk about the inferiority of the African race, and brought them to a candid confession that there is nothing in the organisation of the coloured American which should withhold from him complete political enfranchisement. Richard Humphreys, a member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, preparing for his death in the year 1832, devised 10,000 dols. in trust "to instruct descendants of the African race in school learning, in the various branches of the mechanic arts and trade, and in agriculture, in order to prepare and qualify them to act as teachers in those branches of useful business." That little sum of money was the seed from which has grown up the Shippen Street Coloured High School. It would well repay a visit of any public-spirited man in this city. The example of beneficence and patriotism set by the Quaker Humphreys, if followed in New York by some citizens entrusted with great wealth, would produce results of the highest social and political value.—*New York Tribune*.

LYNCH LAW.—There are people who denounce this method of maintaining order, but they do so without understanding the circumstances. At all events, a man has been known to exclaim loudly against it in New England, and before he had been in the West a month, to join a vigilance committee. The fact is that the ordinary method of administering law is quite impracticable in a place where you can get no policemen, no constables, no lawyers, no juries, no jails, no judges; and where, if it were possible to get the apparatus of justice, it would be next to impossible to work it. Some one or other would be bribed, or some flaw would be established in the evidence, and there would be time and opportunity enough, in one way or another, for the escape of the prisoner. Instead of this, here is a system which has no officers or jails, which costs nothing, and is very terrifying to evil-doers by the rapidity and certainty with which it acts, and the mystery with which it is involved. It would be a very unnecessary and evil system in a settled community, but where none of the ordinary appliances of law are possible, and where at the same time all the scum of the great world behind is concentrated, it is a necessity, and a highly beneficial one. Every one in America knows how completely in California it got rid of all the disorderly and dangerous elements which were collected there in such force, that it would have been quite hopeless to have attempted to deal with them in any other way. Just so, again, it was at Denver, a town on this side the mountains, of eight thousand inhabitants, now as orderly and well-disposed as any other eight thousand persons anywhere to be found. Four or five years ago Denver was what Shyenne is now. But lynch law has purified it, and in a way in which ordinary law has never purified any community in the world. A man would rather leave his baggage out all night in the street at Denver than in any city of New England.—*The Rev. F. Barham Zincke*.

MILTON'S COPYRIGHT OF "PARADISE LOST."—Miss Sedgwick, the American authoress, when in London in 1839, breakfasted with Rogers the poet. She describes his treasures of art and literature, and was most interested in the original document by which Milton transferred to his publisher, for ten pounds, the copyright of "Paradise Lost." Next day, in company with Carlyle, this precious document was spoken of. Carlyle amused himself and the audience with calculating how many "Paradise Losts" Taglioni, then the famous dancer, might pay for with one night's earnings. After the laugh, Carlyle added, seriously, "But there have been better things on earth than 'Paradise Lost' that have received worse payment; that have been paid with the scaffold and the cross."

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